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Thames and Hudson

Grey eminence with a blue pencil

By Joseph Epstein

A. SCOTT BERG:
Max Perkins
Editor of Genius
498pp. New York: E. P. Dutton.
\$15.

What does a publisher's editor do? Anything, one opinion holds, an author will allow, and then a little more. Nothing, a contrary opinion holds, but send the manuscript down to the printer. Some editors are of the first kind: hot-headed and raucous. Some are of the second kind: world-wise and word-wise. One of the characters in Paul F. Ford's *The*

Widow's Children is a publisher's editor who feels a twinge of nausea or the sight of a printed page. Most editors, of course, fall between and between these two extremes. But what is the publisher's editor's true travail? Representing the author to the publisher and the publisher to the author, he is the middleman in what is often a struggle between adversaries. That few publishers have ever done enough for their authors and that few authors have ever come up to the expectations of their publishers is axiomatic. The editor, as the man in the middle, must live to each about the splendid intentions of the other.

"An editor," E. B. White has written, "is a person who knows more about writing than writers do but has escaped the terrible desire to write." In contemporary publishing, the editor is also a person who is hired for his narrative literacy taste and then, once in the job, is rarely allowed to indulge it. Much of his professional energy, certainly, is expended off in keeping his authors and the publisher happy. When it comes to the need for praise, neither the author nor the publisher can afford to be too sure of the word fulsome, like it applied not with a towel but a crane. In a business as riskier than most, publishers require assurances of reward of a kind not otherwise available at this side of hell. Both the praise and the assurance must come primarily from the editor. Between the stroking of egos and the sinking of greed, the publisher's editor spends the greater part of his days, with evenings and weekends left free for reading and tinkering with manuscripts.

Not the pleasantest of jobs, that of publisher's editor, he is one of the higher reaches, perhaps, of the great art. Yet it continues to hold great allure. To announce that one is "in publishing" is, in the United States, to announce a commendable thing—to wear the badge of culture. For a moment that Publishers Weekly, the trade journal of the American publishing business, might run an item (as it recently has) with the headline "In One Month, Four Books on Incest to be Published", to work in publishing is still deemed to be in the service of literature. Freshly tinted English majors send in to publishers their hopeful resumes—other interests: writing poetry, editing, and so on.

One who greatly exceeds the demand. Should one of them be fortunate enough to land such a job, what does he expect it to be like?

Oh yes, it is understood that one cannot start at the very top. Working at the beginning with a certain amount of literary dress—how many on sex, say, an encyclopedia of house plants—is perhaps inevitable. But slowly, through the combined force of good taste and commercial instinct, progress will be made in the firm. Then one will bring in and see properly published those neglected poets whom one adores, work with those overalls—arguing, ineptly, emotionally supporting—who will change the literary consciousness of the age, present to the public those writers who have dangerous, but indubitably necessary things to say. The picture is clear enough: it is that of the grey eminence with a blue pencil.

pencil is the conventional picture of Maxwell Perkins. Although the young man or woman who nowadays aspires to go into publishing may never have heard the name, his or her imaginations owe much to the legend of Maxwell Perkins. As Clarence Darrow is to law, as William Osler is to medicine, so Perkins is to publishing: an exemplary type made flesh. If testimonial he needed, here it is from Thomas Wolfe, in the form of the dedication to his novel *Of Time and the River*:

To
Maxwell Perkins
A great editor and a brave and honest man, who stuck to the writer of this book through times of bitter hopelessness and doubt and would not let him give in to his own despair, a work to be known as *Of Time and the River* is dedicated with affection to him. He was a man of the highest devotion and the patient care which a diligent and unshakable friend has given to each part of it, and without which none of it could have been written.

It says much that this dedication by Thomas Wolfe, the *Primum Cursum* of writers, is to the always invidious Ernest Hemingway called him—required editing: it was cut down from an original version running to three pages. It says even more that, before his next novel, Wolfe left Perkins and the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons with much to do. In the years since, Perkins has been credited with the editing of more than 100 books, including the works of such authors as Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, and John P. Marquand. These authors have given Perkins the reputation of a chief editorial overseer of American fiction in the 1920s, though his career as an editor at Scribner's began in 1914. He had started there in 1911 in the advertising department—and moved with his death in 1947. If one wishes to view the Perkins legend in full flower, one cannot but turn to a two-part profile of Perkins published in the *New Yorker* in 1944 by Malcolm Cowley, the great biographer of American writing in the 1920s and perpetrator of many of its reigning myths.

Is the legend of Maxwell Perkins any more than that—a legend, a collection of stories that, though comely enough, have little of truth in them? Three collections of Perkins's letters to authors have thus far been published in the United States—*Editor to Author* (1950), *Dear Scott/Dear Max: the Fitzgerald-Perkins Correspondence* (1971), and *Ring Around Max: the Correspondence of Ring Lardner and Max Perkins* (1973)—but apart from making clear Perkins's unforgiving devotion to Fitzgerald, they do not make clear much else. An editor, granted, is the man behind the scenes in literary production, but Maxwell Perkins's letters to his authors, many of them banal and aphoristic in a bland way, make him sound rather too much like Polonius: "The book belongs to the author." "I believe the writer, anyway, should always be the final judge." "The function of a publisher in society is to furnish a means by which anyone of a certain level of intelligence and ability can express his views"; and so on.

Along with these letters, Malcolm Cowley's mythopoetic profile, limited mention in Van Wyck Brooks's autobiography, Thomas Wolfe's account of the writing of *Of Time and the River* in *The Story of a Novel*, and a few parts of the biographies of other writers, and a fluff of anecdotes, not all that much is known about the career of Maxwell Perkins. This absence of knowledge has now been filled by a full-blown biography of Perkins: *Max Perkins: Editor of Genius* by A. Scott Berg carries the author's point of view in its sub-

title. Although there is something askew in a book devoted to the life of an editor—is someone best known as a publisher, not a biographer?—the book is heavily through its pages, the author attended to the school of P. Scott Fitzgerald's biography found in the form of a 29-page graduate essay, and it is a readable, A. Scott Berg's thrallo to P. Scott and his 1920s literary career. Other things, the author's clash of business with the art, the editor's role in the life of a writer, are all here, and the book is a good read.

Still, Mr Berg has taken a great number of copies of his book, which he has provided a welcome. Still, Mr Berg has taken a great number of copies of his book, which he has provided a welcome. Still, Mr Berg has taken a great number of copies of his book, which he has provided a welcome.

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As for Mr Berg's assertion that Perkins "did more than reflect the standards of his age," it could as easily be argued that in some respects he reflected the standards of an age earlier than the one he lived in. He was, for example, much exercised about blasphemy, and it is instructive to witness him attempting to persuade F. Scott Fitzgerald to tone down the attack against the Bible of a character in Fitzgerald's second novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*.

Not quite so, Mr Berg's assessment makes Perkins out to be an editor with an ear finely attuned to the inevitably discordant singing of the avant-garde. In fact, the only modernist writer he published was Hemingway—whose work, along with that of Ring Lardner, was brought to his desk by Fitzgerald—and then only the bestselling *Hemingway*, beginning with *The Sun Also Rises*. Perkins took his share of risks, but these were commercial risks; he was, from the beginning and throughout his career, an editor of large-public books. Pound and Eliot and Stevens, Kafka and Proust and Joyce, he did not seek out; it is entirely possible that he never heard of them, or if he had heard of them did not know what they were about, filling in the blanks in his mind, in a long and laborious letter from Edmund Wilson, to which Wilson set out the plan for *Axel's Castle* for Perkins's editorial approval. As for Wilson, he, too, was brought to Perkins by Fitzgerald, though he was not to remain at Scribner's for long.

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Self-portrait

My great-great-grandfather fell in top hot and tins
Across the threshold, his cigar brightly burning
While the chalk outline had traced around his body
Got up and strolled through the door and became me,

But not before his own son had wasted a lifetime
Waiting to be made Lord Mayor of the Universe.
When was to choke to death on a difficult word
When a food particle lodged against his uvula.

I came into being alongside a twin brother
Who threatened me at first like an abortionist
Recommending suicide jumps and gin with cloves.
Then he blossomed into my guardian angel.

Peering back to the people who ploughed the Long Field
My eyes one bag holes that reflect a foreign sky.
Mustaches that my utterance in such a way
That no one can lipread the words from a distance.

I sat, you will have noticed, all fingers and thumbs
But, then, so is the wing of a bat, a bird's wing.
I articulate through the nightingale's throat,
Sing with the vocal chords of the orang-utang.

Michael Longley

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novelistic subject-matter, serenity, and, after death, literary executor. Over the years Perkins did everything for Wolfe but his dental work. His efforts upon Wolfe's literary career are famous. Sixty years after the rounds that the original manuscript was delivered to Perkins's office at Scribner's in a tory—of the kind that, in England, have the words "Long Vehicle" printed across the back. In *The Story of a Novel* Wolfe himself gained the length of the manuscript to be "about twelve times the length of the average novel or twice the length of *War and Peace*". Perkins placed it upon the chopping block that was also his desk, cutting away fat and gossamer. Thomas Wolfe had a love affair with language which was not always requited. Perkins knew this as well as anyone. "The book," he wrote to Wolfe's agent, "will contain too many adjectives, and much repetition of nouns and too much hard peddling. These are faults that Tom would not dispense with yet."

The editing was done in the evenings, in Perkins's office and while Wolfe on the premises. An introductory chapter running in 100,000 words was largely turned off; other chapters of 50,000, Wolfe reported, "were reduced to ten or fifteen thousand words". During the year-long course of the editing, Wolfe, a lazarlike figure with total recall, while sticking in new transitions and stitching over bald spots, wrote an additional half a million words. Inexorably, Perkins took the meat cleaver to most of these. He later likened the experience of editing the novel to that of a man attempting to hang on to the fin of a plunging whale. Wolfe found the editing painful in the extreme: "My spittle quivered at the bloody execution," Perkins told him that he was not "the Flaubert kind of writer"—surely the literary understatement of the century. At one point, unwilling to let loose yet another segment of his novel, Wolfe, glowing, announced to his editor: "Well, how will you take the responsibility?" Predictably, Wolfe did not want to relinquish the manuscript, but insisted on more and yet more time to work on it. "I think I'll have to take the book away from him," Perkins one day announced to his col-

leagues; and after informing Wolfe that the book was finished, sent it off to the printer.

Wolfe paid handsome tribute to Perkins both in *The Story of a Novel* and in the dedication of *Of Time and the River*. (Fitzgerald, the competitive sibling, wrote to Perkins in 1925 that he thought the novel went downhill after the dedication.) But soon clouds gathered, and a storm broke over the relationship. The incident that set things off, according to Mr Berg, was an article by Bernard DeVoto arguing that Wolfe was a creature of Maxwell Perkins's editing; that Perkins was indispensable to Wolfe; and that, therefore, Wolfe was incomplete, if not incompetent, as an artist. The criticism rankled and festered and finally the venom poured forth—onto Perkins. Wolfe put it about that he was looking for a new editor. He fired off a letter of twenty-eight pages, doubtless it could have stood editing—of invective to Perkins. At one point, to a restaurant, author and editor nearly came to blows, with the six-and-a-half-foot Wolfe threatening to do a bit of editing on Perkins's features. Eventually, Wolfe left Perkins and fled to go to another publisher, Harper and Brothers, and an editor who told him that he was the twentieth-century Walt Whitman. Only on his deathbed did Wolfe send Perkins a letter of reconciliation.

Selfless Maxwell Perkins certainly was, stand-up and all-out for his authors, but how intelligent he was? It is difficult to know, and Mr Berg, who comes chiefly to praise Caesar, is not much help here. Perkins did not have wide literary culture. He held no pronounced views on literature: "the business of literature is to reveal life," he wrote as much as he gleaned from his letters on the subject. Apart from a lifelong interest in military history and anti-New Deal politics, he seems to have had no intellectual interests. A self-confessed slow reader, he admitted that he rarely got to read anything but what we are publishing. He edited and apparently believed in a silly book by a man named Alden Brooks arguing that Shakespeare did not write the plays; he thought Maxwell Geismar a better critic than Edmund Wilson. He seemed

to put the same energy into pot-hunters as into serious works. He resented it, for example, when one of his authors, Taylor Caldwell, the pulp writer, was called a pulp writer. He was not a great discoverer of new talent, but, in his credit, he recognized the real thing when it was set before him.

Maxwell Perkins was primarily an editor of novels. Here his two great virtues were that of knowing where a particular novelist's gifts lay and that of knowing what the public liked. That he himself appears to have liked what the public liked was no commercial disavowal. His friend Von Wyck Brooks said of him: "He was in his way a novelist born, but instead of devoting this bent in himself he devoted it to the public powers of the development of others." Ironically, in the light of the legend that has grown up around him as an editorial omnipotent, Max Perkins had a very clear view of a publisher's editorial limitations: "When an editor gets to bludgeoning, he knows more about a writer's book than the writer—and some too—he is dead, done for, and dangerous."

But despite his sense of the editor's limitations, much of the significance of Maxwell Perkins's career is that, through his example and as a result of his legendary standing, the role of the publisher's editor in literary production has greatly expanded. To New York today reside editors whose fame exceeds that of most authors. Far different from that of a man like Edward Garnett or Duckworth and of John Cope, or even Perkins at Scribner's, these literary producers are literary impresarios, often conceiving an idea for a book, finding someone to write it, occasionally recruiting it themselves, then promoting it in ways both blatant and subtle. What, one wonders, would twentieth-century literature have looked like without the editors of this kind? Perkins's editors of this kind were not workmen? Would Moby-Dick, through extensive editing, have been transmuted into Mr Roberts? Might *Das Kapital* have been pruned of its irritable tone to make a better novel? Could Tolstoy have been pruned to cut those lengthy historical sections of *War and Peace* to capture a book club? The retarding of certain kinds of progress is a thing in he devotedly grateful for.

Alien spirits

By Julian Symonds

WOLF MANKOWITZ:
The Extraordinary Mr Poe
248pp, with 90 black-and-white illustrations and eight in colour.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £6.50.

No writer has found more illustrious than Poe. The extreme minutism of the stories and poems, and their frequent aspiration to states of being outside rational consciousness, have made them a mine from which artists of all sorts have come up with treasures often only dimly related to the work they are said to illustrate.

Here, for example, is Edmund Dulac illustrating the poem "Eldorado" by showing a discoloured figure on horseback not much resembling Poe's "gallant knight . . . gaily bedight" being embraced by what looks uncommunitally like the angel of death rather than the pilgrim shadow who in the poem encourages those seeking gold in California or looking for a rainbow at the end of life's journey. Here is Hest Robinson, in the endearing decorations, creating a Pro-Raphaelian lost Lore floating in a vista of lakes, clouds, mountains, which nowhere appear in "The Raven".

Of the artists reproduced here, Beardsley is the one most likely to be familiar to the poets and novelists. The exactness and precision of his line, and the calculated perversity he brings into every drawing (the orange-mitten in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" wears an earring) have everything to do with Beardsley's feeling for the poem and the artist Hest Robinson, the endearing decorations, creating a Pro-Raphaelian lost Lore floating in a vista of lakes, clouds, mountains, which nowhere appear in "The Raven".

This handsome book's illustrations include familiar and unusual deductions from the whole range of sources, and the whole production of the book is a credit to the editors, who have treated as a dozen unimpaired or disproved as typical of Wolf Mankowitz's approach. He makes much play with the mystery of Mary Devereux who by her own account carried a love affair with Poe in Baltimore when he was in his early twenties. An affair during which he was forced his way into her room and she sold "would just as lief live with a woman without being married to her as not". The book (as mentioned in the introduction) is an interview given by Davenrum more than a half a century later. It contradicts in part what we know of Poe and, more importantly, has no other authentication. It is simply a story told by a man in an interview, and a biographer has taken it seriously.

In his last chapter Mr Mankowitz mentions that Poe, after his death, "wrote to Charles W. Allen, who in the poem looking him to overlook the publication of his collected works." This is a later existence, and the suggestion would be wrong. The present rests upon the work of a young poet named Susan Allen Tallow, who in her recollections published many years later—some of them demonstrably inaccurate—what she said she had heard from Poe himself. The book is a brief acquaintance with Poe's life, and the calculated perversity he brings into every drawing (the orange-mitten in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" wears an earring) have everything to do with Beardsley's feeling for the poem and the artist Hest Robinson, the endearing decorations, creating a Pro-Raphaelian lost Lore floating in a vista of lakes, clouds, mountains, which nowhere appear in "The Raven".

It is a long time now since we had occasion to say that Mankowitz is underrated as a writer of fiction, but it remains that at his best he can display unusual resources of imagination, sympathy and humour. What he lacks is clear is that he is not a writer of fiction, but a biographer.

AMERICA

Guide-books and meal-tickets

By Daniel Aaron

MONTY NOAMI PENKOWER:
The Federal Writers' Project
A Study in Government Patronage
255pp. Urbana: University of Illinois Press (American University Publishers' Group), £7.

The word "hoonodog" was coined in 1925 by an American scoutmaster to describe "the plained leather coat" boys wore around their waists. Thereafter its meaning broadened from "insignificant handicraft" to a useless and time-consuming task of any kind. During the early years of Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration, it became the favorite epithet of New Deal critics in their attacks against the kind of make-work jobs concocted by a spendthrift government. One horrid example of hoonodogging they cited was the Federal Writers' Project, created to preserve the skills of unemployed writers who might better have been relegated to their garrets or assigned to more useful occupations than producing works of dubious value at the taxpayer's expense.

Of course the FWP had its detractors—abroad as well as at home. Denis Brogan, writing in *The Spectator* (August 1938) predicted the bold experiment and drew an invidious contrast between the way in which Whitehall and F.D.R.'s agencies coped with the plight of jobless writers. Instead of offering them work as "navvies on the road", the FWP set them writing, Brogan was particularly impressed by the Project's principal by-product: the amusing and instructive local and State guidebooks.

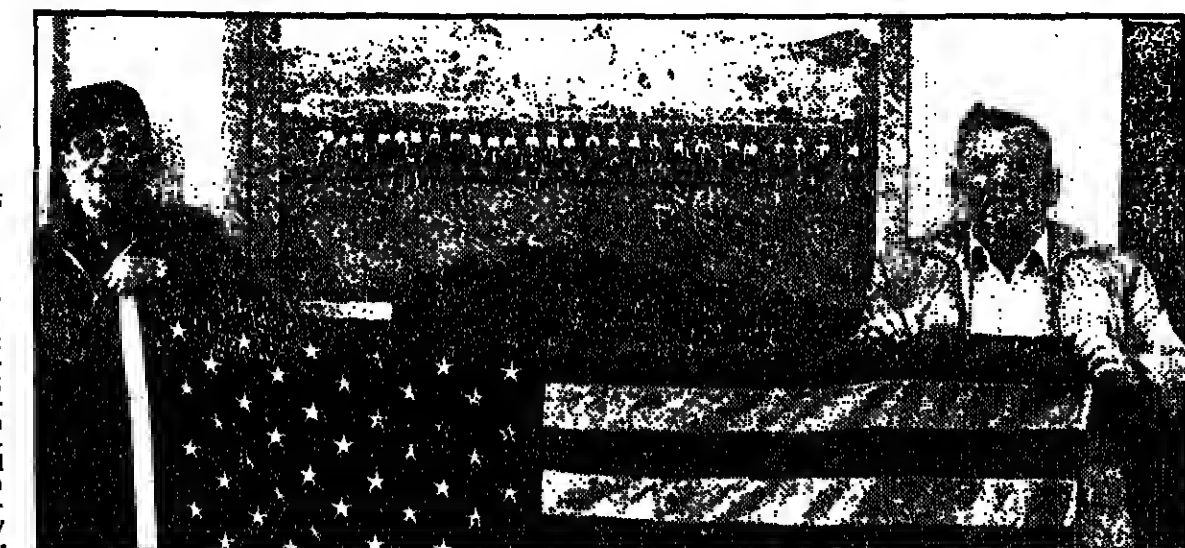
Here were government subsidized publications that candidly examined the real United States, rattled skeletons in the national closet, and painted a picture of the country as it really was. The guides might draw attention to unknown or forgotten spots in the American landscape and restore confidence in the traditions and values of a society on the slide. They were, in short, a magnificent illustration of the Project's aim: to provide useful information, these guides, Brogan wrote, "have yet another claim to respect. They illustrate the richness of American life which the casual visitor too easily dismisses as monotonous and fundamentally dull."

Three years later, in the same magazine and after the FWP had been all but liquidated, he pronounced the Federal guide a "key to the American labyrinth."

Nelher Brogan nor the American reviewers, most of whom shared his enthusiasm for the guidebook series, were privy to the machinery or the politics of its extraordinary enterprise or appreciated the role sheer accident played in its fanciful and pointed ups and downs. Only since the early 1960s has the complete story of the Project been gradually filled out. Monty Penkower's book is the most recent account since the appearance six years ago of *Jerome Kagan's* anecdotal history, *Man and the Machine*, an insider's view of the nation's first major effort at literary subvention. Mankowitz was an actor in many of the episodes he relates. Penkower's recollections cannot match the immediacy of Mankowitz's vivid recollections, but through dogged research in archival materials and interviews with twenty-two former participants in the Project, he has written the most balanced and coherent study of the FWP to date. And as much as Mankowitz, if more dryly and impersonally, he documents what Wysotsky called "one of the noblest and most absurd undertakings ever attempted by any state."

Consider the situation in the mid-1930s when the Works Progress Administration (WPA) was launched and thousands of out-of-work journalists and professional writers scrambled to survive. They formed leagues and associations, and planned to employ writers on socially useful projects, even called for the establishment of a permanent federal "division of fine arts." No government action was taken, however, until 1935 when Congress appropriated funds to assist "educational, professional, and clerical persons" in preparing—among other official publications—a five-volume regional guidebook of the United States.

A number of influential sponsors had been pushing for an American guidebook programme at least a year before the FWP got off the



Jonior and Sheriff, Multnomah County Court House, Vale, Oregon (with, in the background, a mounted sheriff's posse). They appear in Court House (256pp with 360 illustrations. New York: Horizon Press), edited by Richard Pare, which presents in elegant format the anatomy of an institution close to the heart of the American idea of community.

ground. It made sense even to politicians and government officials indifferent to both art and artists and not eager to employ the unemployed, but who saw the guidebook as a vast public relations campaign to induce Americans to travel in their own country and to lure the foreign tourist. These were some of the reasons for the Project's creation. Older guidebooks, were hopelessly outdated. "Baedeker's 1909 volume," Penkower observes, "had warned foreign visitors about the lack of public libraries and noted that pistols could be left at home (since the Indians had been subdued)."

But the organizers of the Project had something more in mind than plotting road maps for tourists. The guides might draw attention to unknown or forgotten spots in the American landscape and restore confidence in the traditions and values of a society on the slide. They were, in short, a magnificent illustration of the Project's aim: to provide useful information, these guides, Brogan wrote, "have yet another claim to respect. They illustrate the richness of American life which the casual visitor too easily dismisses as monotonous and fundamentally dull."

Henry Alsberg, the Project director, was perhaps the most unusual of the footloose crew who comprised its unconventional staff. Somehow this absent-minded genius with his anarchist-bohemian background managed to coordinate an army of ill-sorted, untrained, and untested researchers and writers and to oversee not only the publication of the State guides but also an important series of auxiliary works (ethnic and folklore studies, city guides, travel books and the like). His success, as a modest, colorful, and unassuming man, was due to his vision and drive—and a good deal of luck, for he was a wretched administrator (Penkower likens him to "a befuddled paterfamilias misplaced in time") and a mediocre writer. Although he would probably have failed without the aid of efficient lieutenants, his gifts as editor, innovator, and inspirer left a permanent mark on the project's publications.

One of the first problems Alsberg and his associates faced was how to define the word "writer" and then to decide what tasks should be assigned to the hodge-podge of clerical, lawyers, teachers, journalists, librarians, students, and "creative" types gathered under that broad umbrella. Did the social workers who wrote reports qualify? Could an unemployed mail carrier obtain a position because he had been classified as "a man of letters"? How could the incompetent be weeded out and a sufficient number of professional writers be recruited? The project was launched and thousands of out-of-work journalists and professional writers scrambled to survive. They formed leagues and associations, and planned to employ writers on socially useful projects, even called for the establishment of a permanent federal "division of fine arts."

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The welfare of the spirit

By Ivan Roots

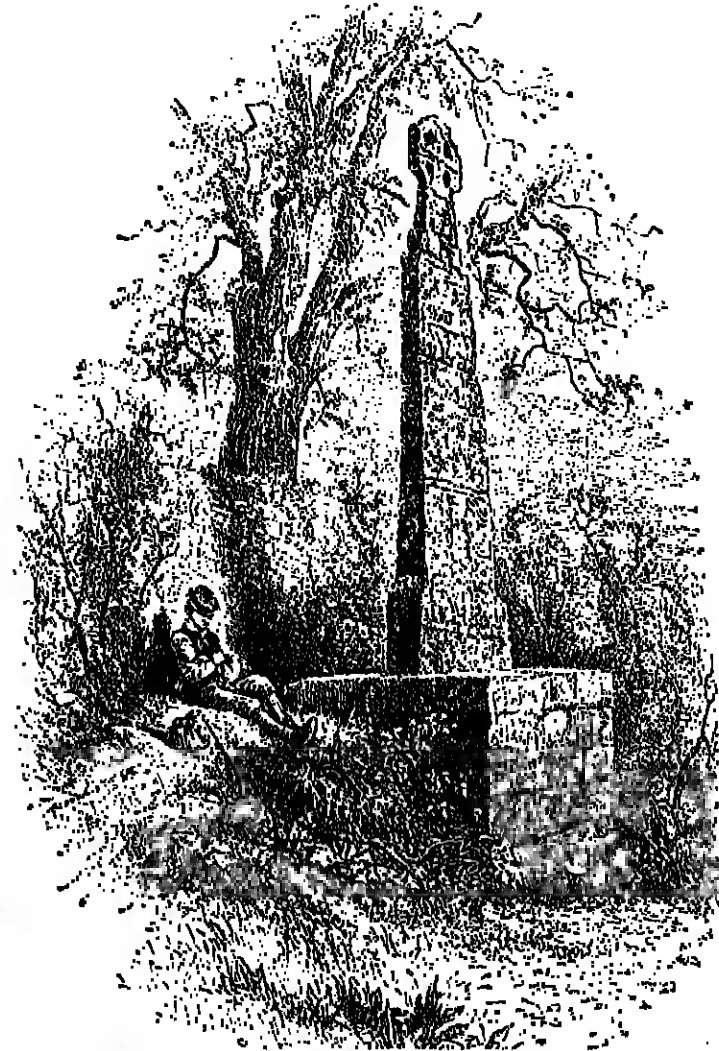
GERALD H. JENKINS:
Literature, Religion and Society in
Wales 1660-1730
351pp. Cardiff: University of Wales
Press. £9.50.

Welsh history is full of myths. One of the most stubborn is that early eighteenth-century religious life was a frail thing struggling in "an obscure and almost utter darkness." The "God said, Let Wesley be, and all was light." It was not really like that. This sudden great awakening, comforting to Methodists, seems more and more false. Closer examination of the evidence instead of reliance upon the strictures of works like Erasmus Saunders's partial *View of the State of Religion in the Diocese of St David's* (1721) suggests that the condition of the Church of England itself—to say nothing of the dissenters—was not "dark" at all. Certainly there were abuses, pluralism, absenteeism, moral turpitude and weaknesses, such as the clerical poverty that gave meaning to the phrase "as ragged as a Welsh curate". These were long-standing and found in every Christian community. But alongside them was a great deal of positive religious activity going on in the Principality during the eighty years or so between the Restoration of 1660 and the first stirrings of the Methodist revival in the 1730s. Methodism derived from a complex of influences and tendencies and its triumph, which was still not apparent even as late as the 1770s, owed much to spiritual forerunners wrestling enthusiastically with sin and ignorance decades before.

There are various ways in which these points can be established. Gerald H. Jenkins is one of the most effective. He starts with the fact that between 1660 and 1730, compared with the previous century, there was a remarkable "astonishing" in his own opinion—increased in the number of books published in Wales or by Welsh writers. From 1546 to 1660 over 100 separate titles were printed, from 1660 to 1730 nearly 450, and, indeed, there may have been more—broadsides and ballads being especially ephemeral. Dr Jenkins considers systematically this body of miscellaneous literature in relation to the society in which it was written, produced, distributed, read, appreciated and preserved. The vast bulk of it was religious—devotional, didactic, exhortatory, admonitory, polemical. "Unimpeachable in terms of literary excellence and academic integrity," it might be said, but it was also suffused by powerful moral imperatives, serving (so religion always must) a social purpose, meeting a spiritual need. Through the language of the people—which was still Welsh, that "uncouth unpolished lingua" to some, but Christ's own tongue to most—the writers hoped to achieve a basic level of understanding of God's purpose among Welsh men, women and (not forgotten) children.

A systematic examination of the authors (Chapter 2)—as well as all male, we note an absence of female, dates them—three out of 140 were members of the established Church, twenty-five Congregationalists or Presbyterians and a handful Quakers or Baptists. (Only one was a Papist, confirming the winding of Catholicism in the life of the Principality.) The predominance of Anglicans is significant—the Church of England, which everybody seems to think peculiarly prone to sin, on the road to Christ was, in the monopoly of dissenters with fire in their bellies. Dr Jenkins stresses how, after the Restoration, thought was given to the Welsh people. Preachers of the Gospel valued the spiritual art and consolation, particularly as they were often based on unfair social and economic conditions. To equate illiteracy with "stupidity or mental blindness" is a modern heresy or prejudice, superstition on the one hand and the tech of curiosity on the other may be found in all levels of society. Both have survived Methodism and unpeeled other revivals.

Of particular interest is Dr Jenkins's demonstration that though the aristocracy—nobility and gentry—of Wales, notably in the border regions, had become increasingly Anglicized, many had not wholly abandoned their responsibility to the native culture. Rather they



"Cross at Carw" and (below) "The Summit of Snowdon" by the artist-mountaineer Edward Whymper. They are reproduced in *Welsh Pictures from Victorian Times* (100pp. Greenacre Books, Treflech, Clwyd, Newport, Dyfford, South Wales. Paperback, £1.50). The book is based on Richard Llewellyn's *Welsh Pictures* (1911) with Penelope Gilliatt, published in London by the Religious Tract Society in 1961, and its new edition by Brian John, which by careful selection of text and illustration to capture "something of the spirit of the lurid Victorian illustrator" in Wales.



individual spiritual welfare into Welshmen everywhere, whatever their social or economic status or educational level.

Supporting his argument with investigation of the social background of writers and readers, making use of wills, inventories and in particular subscription lists (Chapter 10), Dr Jenkins finds the greatest impact among "the middle class" of people—men—and women—with the desire and the opportunity to read. Those were precisely the groups, urban and rural, from whom early Methodism would draw its greatest strength in Wales. But Dr Jenkins invites us not to overlook the power of oral culture and informal education among the poor and illiterate. Rees Pryddog's "sayings"—like sentences "Old Mr Dod's"—transmitted into Welsh in 1666—could even at second or third-hand give spiritual aid and consolation, particularly as they were often based on unfair social and economic conditions. To equate illiteracy with "stupidity or mental blindness" is a modern heresy or prejudice, superstition on the one hand and the tech of curiosity on the other may be found in all levels of society. Both have survived Methodism and unpeeled other revivals.

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valued the literature of their past, patronized contemporary authors and were ready to contribute to the spiritual uplift of their communities.

Notably, they favoured the sort of writing which lent itself to a given social status, such as the discipline and respect for authority. But by encouraging men to read and in their native tongue it was they were enabling a social and spiritual uplift to become a weapon.

A short notice can touch on only a few of the topics taken up in this volume, which is a well-organized, well-written, and well-illustrated book. It is a must for anyone interested in the history of Wales, particularly in the early modern period. It is a well-organized, well-written, and well-illustrated book. It is a must for anyone interested in the history of Wales, particularly in the early modern period.

The myth of landlordism

By Kenneth O. Morgan

DAVID HOWELL:
Land and People in Nineteenth Century Wales
225pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.95.

The Welsh land question, scarcely less than the Irish, has been fertile of many legends. The Welsh countryside in the nineteenth century did not, it is true, generate violence and conflict on the pattern of the Peep o' Day Boys or the Plan of Campaign. The Welsh landowners, unlike the Irish, were not absentee and were undoubtedly native. The Land League led by Thomas Gee in north Wales in the 1880s was far less ferocious than Michael Davitt's Irish counterpart. By the end of the century, it was moribund. For all that, social and economic tension in the Welsh rural communities was endemic throughout the century from the Napoleonic Wars to the First World War. It became a major source of political conflict.

"Landlordism" became a major element in Welsh nationalist demagoguery. "Everywhere it dwells and blights our national growth," wrote "Adfydd," one radical publicist. The stark division of Welsh rural society into two distinct classes—a small, Anglican, English-speaking landowning class and a large Nonconformist, Welsh-speaking majority of tenant farmers, holding their small farms on a yearly basis—inevitably led to prolonged social friction. Events such as the political evictions after the 1868 general election became the very stuff of late nineteenth-century radical mythology. It fuelled the crusades of Welsh nationalist leaders from Henry Richard to Gwynfor Evans, to Lloyd George throughout his career. There were echoes of it even during the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 when the peasant societies of Eastern Europe came under debate.

David Howell's splendid new book reduces most of these legends to shreds. In an admirably lucid and superbly documented study, one of wide interest to all students of economic change in Wales over the past 200 years, he provides the precise, factual detail required to place the Welsh land question in historical perspective. He has produced a book which is both a masterpiece of research and a masterpiece of writing. All historians of the British agricultural scene will be in his debt. He begins with a sketch of the bleak background of economic decline, land hunger, and poverty against which landowners and occupying tenants in Wales had to survive. He shows the peculiar character of land ownership in Wales, with estates of over 1,000 acres such as Wynnstay, Penrhyn, or Golder Grove occupying over 60 per cent of the land of the principality. He also shows the character of the occupation of land: most striking is the small size of the Welsh freeholder class, a situation

that continued until the "green revolution" of the 1920s saw the break-up of so many historic estates. Here and elsewhere he is able clearly to show that Welsh landowners were not absentee landlords, generally considerate in the raising of rents, notably during the agricultural depression of the 1880s, and invested much of their profits in improvement of their estates.

He also describes the character of land leases, and the prevalence throughout Wales of tenancy on a year-to-year basis as in Ireland. This is not, however, prevent tenants settling in farmsteads for generations after generation. The size of holdings was much smaller than in England—a mean size of only forty-seven acres in 1875. He explains the marketing and banking facilities, and the impact of the railways on the disappearance of the drovers, those picturesque nomadic survivors of pre-industrial Wales. There is a learned technical discussion of the farming techniques employed by the mainly dairy and livestock farmers; the conclusion seems to be that sheer willpower overcame low productivity and backward methods. Nor does Dr Howell neglect the agricultural labourers, a vast surplus of labour which found salvation to a great extent in the fields of the industrial south. Hence, as R. H. Thomas argued long ago, the capacity of Wales to absorb its own surplus population without succumbing to the massive emigration that afflicted the demographic structure of Ireland. Howell's account of the farm labourers, a class as neglected by nineteenth-century Liberals (who represented tenant farmers who owned their own tools and stock, and had bourgeois aspirations) as they have been by historians ever since, is among the best things in his book. The history school of the University College of Swansea has distinguished itself in recent years with fine studies of the social and

cultural characteristics of industrial south Wales. Now a monograph has appeared of equal quality which does historical justice to the rural hinterland, to the farmer as well as the miner. This is a major scholarly achievement and deserves the closest attention of all students of the Welsh question in recent decades.

What *Land and People in Nineteenth Century Wales* shows, conclusively and beyond argument, is that the economic accusations were largely worthless, the product of ignorance and prejudice. What is dispensed of less completely is the issue that the Welsh land question was basically social and cultural, rather than economic. Dr Howell, with typical fairness, indicates that there was some genuine basis on many estates in Wales, especially some of the smaller ones, for the friction between tenants and their landlords—or more particularly perhaps, their estate managers. But it may be that the roots of conflict and the undeniable bitterness kindled in the Welsh agricultural arena lay in wider considerations. One technical factor may be that much of the dialogue on Welsh rural grievances was transmitted through the Welsh language. In newspapers and tracts, and from the pulpit of Welsh chapels, whereas a study based on estate records and court cases would necessarily be largely geared to the relics of the English-speaking minority. A general synoptic view of the evolution of Wales since the mid-nineteenth century still suggests that, on the balance, the status and of cultural alienation, the Welsh landowning class was simply not identified with the political aspirations, the religious observance or the moral values of the Welsh-speaking majority.

This underlay the passion of late nineteenth-century Liberal politics in Wales at election time, even in the speeches of such humane, moderate men as Tom Ellis or Llewelyn Williams. Moreover, it explains the mass local revulsion against the

authority and the pretensions of the landlord shown in Welsh local government, a theme worth pursuing further. The County Council elections in Wales in 1889 were a startling defeat for the landowners (and, by extension, the Church of England) throughout Wales. There was simply no parallel in the British Isles for the cataclysmic change in the fabric of local authority and of class rule that was achieved. Here truly was the gentry in decline, indeed in full and ignominious Cadaverous retreat. Lured by Anglican Justices of the Peace gave way to the embattled Nonconformist shopocracy; the Ogmore-Pritchards yielded the pole to De Brea.

Here is one pointer. Another is the inability of Welsh landowners to project themselves adequately in such typically national movements as the crusade for higher education. The "county schools" of 1889, the Welsh colleges, the national university, were the achievement of Nonconformist, middle-class liberals. By contrast, Welsh landlords, Anglicized, Anglicized, and apprehensive (the three As confronting the three Ps, perhaps), seemed at best reluctant champions of the cause of Lanetteer, or worse obstacles to class mobility and social opportunity for Welsh children. As the century ended, some landlords became more reckless—even at a time of more generally tranquil relations in the Welsh countryside after the fading away of the 1840s riots, the rise in farm prices and the abortive findings of the Welsh Land Commission. Lord Penrhyn's feudal approach towards the Welsh quarrymen's strike in 1900-03 helped blend together industrial and rural protest in a way that had political and national implications. Plas Penrhyn today is a mausoleum for the Welsh gentry in more ways than one.

These wider considerations, however, inevitably lie beyond Dr Howell's excellent and thought-provoking book. It is revisionism in the best and most constructive sense. Any future study of Wales in the past 200 years which does not base itself centrally on his findings will be as worthless as some of the nineteenth-century allegations that he has so gently, courteously but irretrievably demolished.

Ale in the Making of Europe Volume II: A Century of Wonder Book Two: The Literary Arts Book Three: The Scholarly Disciplines

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Published March, £35.00

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Algorithm in the Diagnosis and Management of Exotic Diseases
Kenneth S. Wazman & Adel A. F. Mahmoud, editors
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Edited and introduced by Peter Riviere
Sir John Lubbock (1834-1913) was a pioneer of prehistoric archaeology and a firm friend and

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Classics in Anthropology
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The Work Ethic in Industrial America, 1850-1920

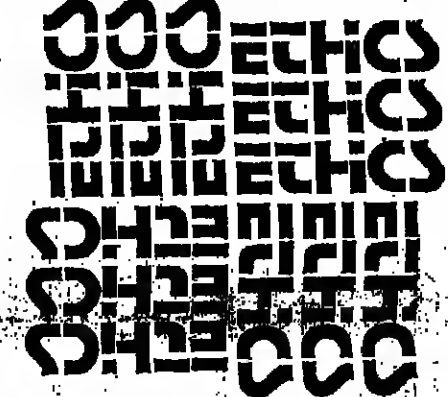
Denise T. Rodgers
From the first 17th century settlements to the present, the conviction that work forms the core of the moral life has echoed through American culture with consequences that are more often assumed than examined. In this provocative and elegant investigation, Rodgers explores the work ethic at a critical point in its history when older ideas of work collided with the industrial revolution. Even as work ideals and industrial realities split apart, however, a faith in work survived in attenuated, abstract, but potent forms. Rodgers discusses the changing ways work values were expressed in children's literature as well as in the political rhetoric and families, debates of the day, and evaluates the place of the work ethic in the lives of the new industrial workers themselves. The result is a broadly gauged study of how values adjust to wrenching change.
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America's black community is experiencing a deepening class division today as the impoverished underclass falls further behind educated blacks who are experiencing unprecedented economic mobility. In this provocative work Wilson contends that, for the first time in American history, class has become more important than race in determining black access to privilege and power.
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Prospects for Reconciliation
James M. Gustafson
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A Critical Edition
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To be published shortly

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rebirth (as Vasari saw it), with a supposed Cimabue at the beginning. Thereafter, art-historical completeness always consisted in the aim of some drawing collectors such as the Cavaliere Gaddi and later, Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici. Whereas this was over the aim of a single general art collection in the whole of Europe until an epoch-making change in the way of seeing possibly began in the eighteenth century.

Meanwhile, because paintings by the early Italian masters "did not count", their many surviving works in Italy were not seldom deplored from the altars of old churches and the walls of ancient houses, to make way for something more fashionable. In the end, many fourteenth and fifteenth-century masterpieces thus came into the hands of *rigattieri*—the omnipresent Italian dealers in old clothes and other junk and near-junk. By definition, they were probably poor patrons or *rigattieri* waiters or has a use for has temporarily become junk or near-junk. So bluntly stated, this may be hard-sounding when applied to works by Giotto; but the truth is often hard.

Thus the situation was created in which our art tradition's archetypal junk collector was able to find what have never before been tradition's single greatest innovative collection. The place was Venice, the time perhaps the eighteenth-century third decade. For Carlo Lodovico, a Venetian of good family, born in 1690, who joined a religious order against his father's wishes. He was a lively intelligent man, and despite his faithfully kept vow of poverty, he made a place for himself as a leading Venetian intellectual. He was the friend, for instance, of Scipione Maffei. He had a passion for art, too, and was sufficiently independent-minded to be a functionalist in the time of the highest rococo. As for the Carlo's lovely, brilliant and entirely novel junk collecting, here is the explanation of his disquiet and biographer, Andrea Mommo:

Poor friar as he was, he could not have undertaken the acquisition of a series of paintings from the most celebrated masters, since they are out of reach of all but the very wealthiest people. He therefore conceived of forming a collection very different from others, and perhaps more useful, waiting to show the step by step progression of art from its rebirth in Italy up to the time of the eighteenth century, and to the present.

Art history—and of course chiefly Vasari's own listing of Italian early masters—was therefore for Carlo Lodovico's guide when he decided to make a collection "very different from the others". Perhaps he got the notion from the drawing collector, Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici, that great drawing collector, who, as we have seen, was our only European collector in the whole seventeenth century who troubled to acquire paintings by Italian masters earlier than the High Renaissance—starting with the early masters, Mantegna and Bellini. One more clue to the cardinal's early drawings opened his eyes to the beauty of Botticelli's "Madonna of the Pomegranate" and Piero di Cosimo's "Mystic Nativity". At any rate, wherever Carlo Lodovico may have got his plan for a "new kind" of art collection, he bought paintings by masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in great numbers but always cheaply. To make his funds, he scoured the stocks of "supercakes" and Jews who dealt in paintings.

His Venetian section began with a Greek painter, not difficult to find in Venice, which, before the re-establishment of the art to Italy, was the best and only place to have the best that Greece (meaning Constantinople) had to offer. After these, Byzantine works—possibly from the time of the glorious decoration of the Kariye Djami—there came pictures by Andrea da Murano, Jacobello del Fiore, Gentile da Fabriano (considered Venetian because of his many connections with Venice), Vivarini, Carpaccio, Bassai, all three Bellini; Catena and others; and all these were then topped off, as it were, by some

"little things" by Giorgione and the early Titian. The Florentine School was also represented by "many pieces", beginning with Cimabue and Giotto; and there were even a "few" pictures from the "Roman, Bolognese, German and Flemish schools". If only half of Lodovico's attributions were correct, this was a collection that the richest museum curators would now commit unmentionable crimes in securing.

Alas, however, Fra Carlo Lodovico's prizes were still junk in the eyes of his fellow Venetians when he died in 1761. "People did not realize their worth", so the whole huge collection was somehow lost after Lodovico's death. No doubt the pictures went back to the *rigattieri* who had supplied them. Well before that date, none the less, the Abate Facciola, a Paduan scholar, had also played a collection similar in plan to Lodovico's in Florence, the Anglo-Italian art dealer, Ignazio Enrieo Hugford, rather early began to be interested in fourteenth and fifteenth-century works; and he was not alone.

In the course of the eighteenth century, Florence in fact became a centre of the new development that had started in Venice with Lodovico, but with dramatic results at the Uffizi that have never before been studied. In 1743, the Uffizi had been converted from a princely art gallery into the first of Europe's really major public art museums on the death of the last of the Medici, Anne Maria Luisa, Princess Palatine. She bequeathed all the incomparable Medici collection to the city of Florence "as an ornament of the State, for the utility of the public and to attract the curiosity of foreigners"; and she made the new Habsburg-Lorraine Grand Duke of Tuscany the trustees of her bequest. But this historic bequest led to few if any outward changes at the Uffizi before the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo assumed the rule of Tuscany in 1765.

The new Grand Duke was a born reformer. In this resembling his elder brother, the Emperor Josef II of Austria, from whom he inherited the Austrian empire in 1780, in the realm of the arts, the brothers' activities further deserve attention they have never received; for they were the undoubted fathers of the modern museum age.

When the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo reached Florence, the enormous Medici heritage of works of art was intact but in chaos. The Uffizi was half a Wunderkammer, with specimens of natural history, rich armours, quantities of porcelain, and treasures and curios of all sorts competing for each inch of space with the pictures and sculpture. The Uffizi was separately considered, moreover, and the vast number of works of art in the Palazzo Pitti, in the public office of Florence and in the former Medici villas were under the grand ducal Guardaroba—the Wordrobe office. The chances of the past had been caused a handful of paintings by early Renaissance masters to come to rest in the Uffizi. Two Angelicos and a Botticelli—in a room jammed with other pictures, crucifixes, amber cups and wax figures—were recorded in the gallery in 1761-62. Meanwhile, however, the rest of the early masterpieces in the Medici inheritance were all but invisible in the domains of the Guardaroba. A good many were in the Pitti Palace, for example, gathered dust in an out-of-the-way room where they had apparently been placed two centuries before.

Such was the situation when the new Grand Duke then revolutionized. In Pietro Leopoldo's own eyes, his most important measure was probably the removal of the natural history specimens and the like from the Uffizi. In making the museum instead of a *Wunderkammer*. As early as 1769, however, he also ordered a general comb-out of the domains of the Guardaroba, the aim of bringing into the Uffizi anything worthy of display there. As a result, Fra Angelico's *Lithuanian* tabernacle, with its original frame by Lorenzo Ghiberti, came into the Uffizi from one of the public offices, and so did Piero della Francesca's magical allegory of Duke and Duchess of Urbino, which was transferred from the villa of Poggio Imperiale in 1773. By the standards of that period, the Uffizi's collection (for that was what it was) was a masterpiece. It was, in fact, a masterpiece of the early modern age, but it was only a beginning. The decisive step was taken in 1775,

when the Grand Duke named Giuseppe Benviventi Pellì to the directorship of the Uffizi, and attached to him the learned ex-Jesuit, the Abate Luigi Lanzi, as assistant antiquarian.

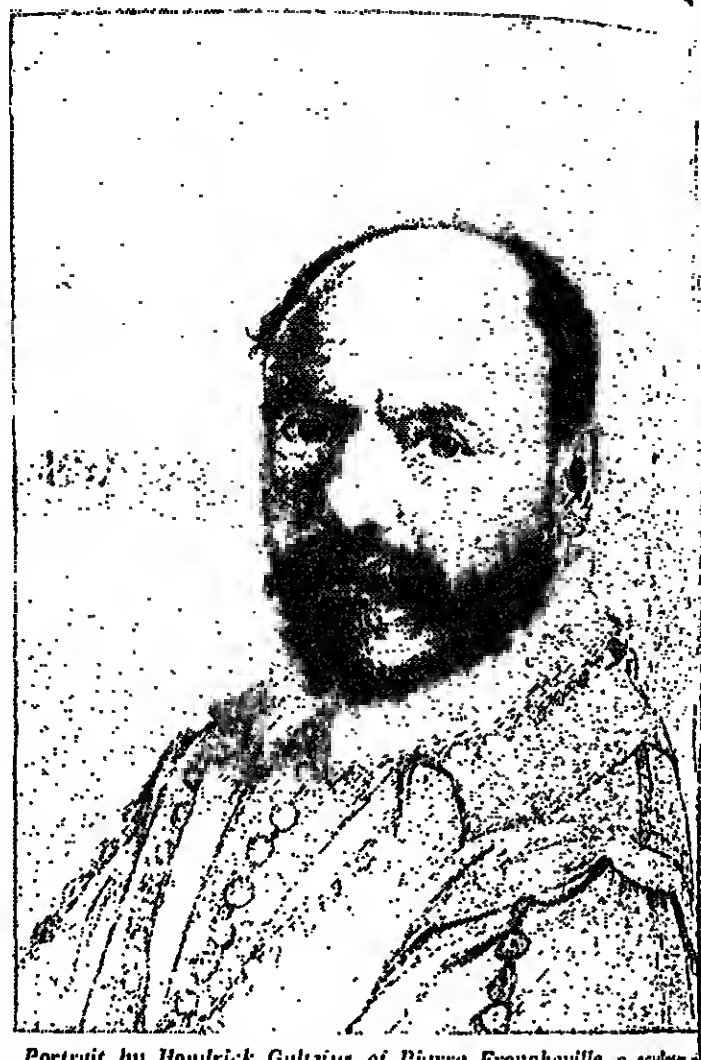
Benviventi Pellì had already proclaimed his faith in a published essay on Musacchio. For him as for Vasari, "perfectum" was only reached in the High Renaissance; but he declared one could not know the difficult secrets of the fine arts without appreciating the early masters and studying all the stages of the development of the arts.

As for Luigi Lanzi, Etruscan antiquities were his long suit in 1775. Yet he must have already begun to formulate the ideas which later made him write what he proudly called the first systematic history of Italian art, and thereby to become the second founder of Italian art history. With these two men in charge, the new tide at the Uffizi naturally flowed more swiftly. Examinations from the Guardaroba continued and increased, and early works of art now began to be acquired on the market. Thus the Uffizi had been much enriched, as well as purged and rearranged, when Benviventi Pellì wrote his account of the gallery in 1778. Almost simultaneously, the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo visited his brother in Vienna, and in the course of this visit, he probably learnt of the Emperor's decision to have the great Habsburg collection shown art-historically, by schools and periods, in the new public art museum he was planning. At any rate, this further advance of art-historical thinking, was made at the Uffizi between 1779 and 1782, when Luigi Lanzi published his *Real Galleria di Firenze*, a guide to the gallery.

By any standards, the years 1781-82 were epoch-making in the pre-modern history of art in the West. The reformer, Uffizi, and the Emperor Josef's new public art museum in the Belvedere, Pulece, which opened in 1781, in truth provided the models that were followed everywhere, after some local stops and starts, throughout the museum age. In the Uffizi, moreover, the new collecting idea first adopted by Fra Carlo Lodovico was now made official, as it were, by the Quarzo Gabinetto. Even today, the Lanzi's *Galleria des Ecceles* remains, as it was in 1814, the Uffizi's official catalogue. It is still widely supposed to be the first museum rooms to show Italian primitive paintings. The Lanzi rooms gave us our word "primitive", but the Quarzo Gabinetto preceded them by over three decades. In his description of the Quarzo Gabinetto, Lanzi then, the Quarzo Gabinetto, Giotto, Taddeo, and Angelo Gaddi, Orcagna, Uccello, Fra Filippo Lippi, Andrea del Castagno, Fra Angelico, the Pollaiuolo brothers and Botticelli. Later, a good many of these attributions were corrected, but the Quarzo Gabinetto, which Lanzi himself effectively re-founded. Yet the errors in attribution matter little, compared to the public inclusion of the Uffizi of the formerly excluded.

Two further points are also made by the Uffizi's Quarzo Gabinetto. First of all, the inclusion of the formerly excluded must emphatically not be taken to prove the Vasarian canon had already been radically revised. At this juncture, the real motive was still to illustrate art history. For example, the Uccello "Battaglia" on Lanzi's list was the panel of the "Rout of San Romano" that is still one of the glories of the Uffizi. Shortly after the Uffizi panel was exhumed from the Guardaroba, Uccello's two contemporary panels, painted by the Cosimo de' Medici, were also in the Guardaroba's auctions of Medici leftovers, and so they came to London and Paris by devious roads. Hence one can only conclude Lanzi all three panels to be not edited but nothing to stop the sale of the remaining two, because they felt that one large panorama of horse-rampage was quite enough to illustrate the "Battaglia" perspective. Second, however, the Quarzo Gabinetto is the clearest proof that when Fra Carlo Lodovico first began to search the stocks of the Venetian *rigattieri*, he was merely responding to the extreme promptness and sensibility of the Uffizi, but rather widespread impulse, there was something in the air of Italy in the eighteenth century.

Why this impulse first made itself felt exclusively in Italy actually seems a troublesome question. One asks, in fact, why Lodovico and all the early collectors took the same course were either Italians them-



Portrait by Hendrick Goltzius of Pierre Francheville, a sculptor, was born in Courtrai c. 1548 and died in Paris in 1615. A Dutch black, brown and red chalk, it was until recently thought to be a copy of the Mannerist artist Federico Zuccaro. Francheville worked from 1571 to 1604, and this portrait was probably executed on Goltzius's visit to Florence in 1590/91, when he made a series of drawings of Dutch artists working there (the date 1606 is by a later hand). Drawing was bequeathed to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam and is reproduced in the illustrated catalogue of the Netherlands of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries in the Rijksmuseum (Netherlands), formerly Director of the Rijksmuseum Printroom (Netherlands), Plumes, 235pp. Vol. 1, 25pp. The Hague: Goltzius, Publishing Office, 150 fl.

selves, or else foreigners who formed their collections while living in Italy. Reflection soon provides the obvious answer, however. In Italy alone works of the great Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were easy to find by as well as cheap. The cheapness, moreover, was to the collectors, too, as free access to the Guardaroba's stores obviously meant a lot in Lanzi and Benviventi Pellì. Towards the eighteenth century's close, the eccentric Earl-Bishop of Bristol and Derry announced, grandly, that he was adding to his large collection "all that old pedantry of ancient painting"—meaning Italian primitives—the Earl-Bishop was the first rich man in the field. All the other nobles soon had an enormous motive for their choice, just like Lord.

The economic motive was frankly admitted by the French Chevalier Arnaud de Montor, who furnished his collection while living in Rome in the late eighteenth century. In the preface to the catalogue he subsequently published in France, he explained that he had decided to illustrate art history by gathering the early masters solely because "an private man" could any longer hope to secure works by "Raphael, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, the Carracci, Guido and Domenichino". It must be added that the economic motive was evidently reinforced by the freedom with which the most famous early names were then attached to sufficiently ancient-looking paintings. Arnaud de Montor believed he owned seven Cimabue's, four Giotto's and much more on almost the same level. One can see how wrong he was by visiting the dim recesses of the New York Historical Society; for this was the final resting-place of the "Museum of Christian Art" formed in the first half of the nineteenth century by the eccentric Thomas Jefferson Bryan, one of America's earliest art collectors. His most purchases abroad included much of Arnaud de Montor's collection.

All this may seem more anecdotal. In reality, however, the facts so briefly related show the real origins of a truly crucial episode in the pre-modern history of Western art and taste—the radical revolution of the early nineteenth century now placed Giotto and Piero on a par with Raphael.

There are two things to be said about the singular yet marvellous story of resurrection of great art which we have now briefly run through. To begin with, it is the most important story of this sort in the whole Western record, with the single possible exception of the Gothic Revival. Second, the whole drama of the story is how so enormous a change in the way of seeing somewhat strangely resulted from the interaction of art history and the feedback between art collectors and art historians in its truth even-erily extended our range of daylight.

To the extension of the range of daylight, of course, a major role has been naturally played by the mere passage of time. Each generation's leading artists claimed places in the canon and the real time approval came from some. You can see the result by the opening of the eighteenth century, in Roger de Piles's *Balance des Peintres*; you can see, too, that an artist could not be a canonized Old Master although for a moment rather disliked—as Piles plainly disliked Michelangelo.

Today, anyone imitating Piles's balance would have to cast his net far wider—and not just because such succeeding generations has produced its own great artists. Rembrandt, for instance, got a generous rating from Piles. But in 1751, Lord Chesterfield of the Letters refused to buy two Rembrandts because "Rembrandt paints caricatures. I love la belle nature". At that date, the greatest Rembrandt enthusiast still found his nudes "horrifically". For Rembrandt's painting was simply too unlike Raphael's and Titian's to be canonical in the eighteenth century. What has made Rembrandt into a leading artist of art is quite simply the total breakdown of the old Vasarian canon. This was the real ultimate result of the continuing interaction between art collectors and art history from old Lodovico's day to the present. And this breakdown of the old canon has enabled us to appreciate not only Caravaggio—which Vasari called "barbarous"—but also the arts of the Western peoples all over the world.

But enough has now been said about the great process of aesthetic revolution that so clearly proves the art collecting and art history which the shared bloodstream of our modern world. Art history was Lanzi's sabbat guide, when he collected the collecting which then followed art history. But in art collecting, art history is the sabbat guide, even if not the only guide. Again, the fact that collectors offer the best testimony, as always, the most tragic, the most pathetic, the most pitiful, and these modern junkies will always say to you in the words of a pitiful hope that their modest found objects "just could be to genuine antiques", that their most appalling daubs just might be really good pictures.

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In such cases, you can always read "genuine antiques" and "really good pictures" as meaning "art-historically identifiable". This singular power credited to art-historical identification implies a complex response to art quite different from the response of one who says, of a chance-found sea shell, or of a deep-lined lump of amber, "Isn't it lovely?"

To pinpoint this crucial difference of response, you need only put a different ending to the story of one of the more dramatic rescues in Western art history. Michelangelo's "Slaves" have a story that is not merely dramatic, but also tragic and even bloodstained. Because of the "tragedy" of the tomb of Pope Julius II—as Michelangelo himself called it tangled drama—the "Slaves" were surplus, and came into the French royal collection, in the mid-eighteenth century. King Henry IV gave them to the Comtesse de Morny for great service. Early in the seventeenth century, that voracious collector, Cardinal Richelieu, then decided he must have the "Slaves", but they were built into the gateway of the Montmorency Château, Ecrou, whereupon the proud last Duc de Montmorency became entangled in the rising of the king's brother, the foolish, treacherous Gaston d'Orléans; the duke offered the two Michelangelos as gifts to Richelieu, presumably to save his skin; and the cardinal coolly accepted the gift and had the duke executed all the same. From the cardinal, in turn, the "Slaves" descended to the Duc de Richelieu of the time of the French Revolution, and they were being used as pieces of garden sculpture when the Hôtel Richelieu in Paris was attacked and sacked by a revolutionary mob.

Whereupon, most fortunately, Alexandre Lenoir somehow heard that the Hôtel Richelieu was in danger, and hastened to the scene to rescue his garden sculpture. Like an aged but efficient firehorse, this slougher man charged off in every possible sense of desperation through the Revolution, in order to save threatened works of art for his Musée des Monuments du Part Français. From Lenoir's museum, the "Slaves", then, came to the Louvre.

Only suppose, however, that Lenoir had not been in time. In that event, the Duc de Richelieu's garden figures, if not saved to ruble by the mob, would surely have been snatched up by one of the sordid second-hand dealers who benefited from the French Revolution's destructions and dispersals. Most probably, the slaves would then have been sold for garden sculpture once again, and would have found a new home in Neuilly or somewhere similar. Invaded by the French, gathering dust among the dusty laurels, losing now a nose and an eye, and surrounded by the debris of all garden sculpture, they would not have been seen as Michelangelos, perhaps for many decades, perhaps to this very day. Those with good eyes would have admired

them. But it is a hundred-fold bet that an enormous interval would have elapsed before these two masterpieces finally evoked an assumed "Michelangelo-response"—whereupon collectors' competition would have richly profited, the garden-mobsters to move likely, the person who spotted the true identity of the lichen-covered statues.

The new ending to the story of Alexandre Lenoir's heroic rescue is of course imaginary; but both the Michelangelo response and its extreme importance are the opposite of imaginary. Nowadays, of course, it may be a Bruegel-response, or a Shung-jade-response, or a Machiavelli-response. At any rate, this kind of response, which is essentially art-historical, runs through all art collecting from the past to the future. It is the guiding star in still art history because they are always battling that a favourite new painter or sculptor will eventually call forth something like a Matisse-response or a David Smith-response.

The key role of this kind of response is sufficiently illustrated by the curious story of the first recorded effort to fake a major masterpiece of Western art. Federigo II of Mantua was not only a great patron of the arts; he was also one of the earliest true collectors of Renaissance works of art; and he wanted a Raphael, the usual collector's desire—far more. As Captain General of the Holy See, Federigo II was a man the second Medici would wish to please; so he set upon the very great Raphael, painted as a Mantuan family portrait of the first Medici pope and the two cardinals. In 1524 he asked Clement VII to try the portrait loose from his then owner, Dan Ottaviano de' Medici. Instead, Ottaviano de' Medici called in Andrea del Sarto to make an exact copy of the Raphael. When the copy was finished it was sent to Mantua, where Federigo II was "delighted"; and his court painter, Giulio Romano, formerly Raphael's chief pupil, "did not suspect the truth". Much later, when Federigo was dead, Giorgio Vasari explained to Giulio Romano what had really happened. Giulio, who claimed to have worked on the original in Raphael's studio, protested that he "recognized his own handwork". In the picture, and at first refused to believe Vasari.

The story's point mainly lies, however, in its much later sequel, when the two pictures had finally come to rest, the real Raphael in the Uffizi, and the Andrea del Sarto copy in Naples. On the one hand, art historians still quarrel about which two square inches of the Uffizi's picture were the contribution of Giulio Romano, and therefore should not ovoko a Raphael-response. On the other hand, for decades in the nineteenth century, the copy was regarded as the real thing, and therefore no longer as a historical problem.

What is the nature, then, of this historical response? It is the response that makes us say, "Surely that is a blue period Picasso" or "If he had" or a "good impression response suitable to an Andrea del Sarto".

It is easy to laugh at these nineteenth-century Italian history lessons, but thinking and feeling this way about two marvellous, closely similar pictures, both by great, nearly contemporary masters, and known to have been literally indistinguishable when the second picture was painted. In fact, however, this is a way of thinking and feeling that is universal among art collectors as well as art historians.

The universality of this way of thinking and feeling is clearly proven by many cases like that of the Cleveland Museum's recent proud purchase, and subsequent ill-fated return, of a fake painting by Matthias Grünewald. The tests that showed the painting was a fake did not alter it, visually, in any way. If beautiful at any time, it was just as beautiful after it was sent back to the dealer as when it was bought with enthusiasm. In this same connection, consider old Guilbert de Nogent, an eleventh-century French ecclesiastic who published a powerful denunciation of his time's huge traffic in faked holy relics. In his *De Falsificatione Sacramentorum*, Guilbert made it abundantly clear that he had no doubt of the beneficial power of genuine relics of well-attested saints. He only objected to the use of the false relics to draw profitable crowds to the high-draw ecclesiastical fairs. These relics, he said, were not the relics of the saints, but the relics of the collectors' desire—far more.

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The fact is, however, that a double response to art is one of the marks of the five art traditions that have produced true art collecting, ours in the lead. We not only respond to works of art aesthetically. We also respond to their historical value. In fact we see works of art not merely as things of beauty, but also as historical documents. Consequently, if a work of art turns out to be a false document—even a work of art universally loved and admired as genuine for a long time—that is enough to condemn it. In such cases, the historical response actually overrules the aesthetic response. The work of art must then go to the museum's reserves, or into the cupboard where the collector hides his mistakes, not because the work in question is any less pleasing, but simply because it is a false document. The seemingly lasting aesthetic problem of authenticity is therefore nothing of the sort. It is easily soluble—but as a historical problem.

What is the nature, then, of this historical response? It is the response that makes us say, "Surely that is a blue period Picasso" or "If he had" or a "good impression response suitable to an Andrea del Sarto".

Of Dürer's print of St Hubert? Any kind of identification of a work of art, by style or period, or place of origin, or school of artist, or any more specific attribution to a known master, or even to one of art history's invented masters, like the "Master of the Itzinger Manuscript"—all these are historical responses to works of art. Significantly, this kind of response to works of art has been unknown, indeed unheard of in the overwhelming majority of art traditions the world has known. Some of you may be astonished to hear this; but in these other traditions, the great artists of the past were not even remembered, generations after generations—unless they had worked in a way like the great architect-engineer of the Pharaoh Zoser in the Old Kingdom, who became a God. In the European Middle Ages, there were also artists who became saints, like St. Basil and St. Bernard of Hildesheim. But gods and saints are not what we mean by remembered masters. If you analyse the historical origins of art collecting, you in fact discover that remembering the artists of the past is the most important distinguishing trait of the five art traditions in which art collecting has uniquely appeared in the history of art on earth.

Not is that all. All collecting, whether of Coca-Cola bottles or great works of art, is dominated by a lot of categories. A Coke-bottle collector does not want to take his collection to the Louvre. A Coke-bottle collector's Coke history defines the collecting categories for Coke-bottle collectors. Art history defines the collecting categories for art collectors. Until the masters of the past began to be remembered, rather obviously, there can be no categories for art collectors, and if there are no categories, any kind of true collecting is automatically impossible.

Here, at long last, I believe we have got to the root of the matter. When the rare art tradition began to remember their own masters, this was the first symptom of a historical response to works of art. This historical response to art, as I believe, was the real egg from which art collecting was always hatched. It was clear the egg from which art history was always born. And once both have always come from the same egg, there is nothing surprising in the fact that art collecting and art history are Siamese twins.

Ask yourselves, therefore, if there really can have been, in R. H. Goodrich among Abraham's relations in Ur of the Chaldees, or a Meyer Schapiro in Memphis in the Egyptian Middle Kingdom, a Vasari among Herodotus' goliath-loving Scythians, or a Luigi Lanzi in Ploceus in Classic Maya times. Those questions master themselves. The absence of anything like art history—except in the rare art traditions—is in fact the clearest proof of the historical rarity of art collecting. For remember, these particular Siamese twins are inseparable, even by modern surgery.

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